EDITORIAL
FINANCIAL NEWS

New York Tribune

LATE NEWS
REAL ESTATE—AUTOS

PART II TEN PAGES — SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1919 — PART II TEN PAGES

New York Tribune
First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1919.

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York corporation; Ogden Reid, President; Whitelaw Reid, Vice President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; E. A. Suter, Treasurer. New York Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By MAIL, including postage IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

	One Year	Six Months	One Month
Daily and Sunday	$10.00	$5.00	$1.00
Daily only	8.00	4.00	.75
Sunday only	3.00	1.50	.30
Tribune Farmer, Canada	2.00	1.25	.20

FOREIGN RATES

Daily and Sunday	$20.00	$10.00	$2.00
Daily only	17.40	8.70	1.45
Sunday only	5.75	3.00	.55

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

GUARANTEE

Any one who purchases merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute satisfaction—or if dissatisfactory results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to refund your money back upon request. No red tape, no quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein. All rights of republication of all other matter herein are also reserved.

The Distrust Breeders

A dispatch from Vienna published by our neighbor *The World* says that farmers of the three provinces which are now Austria refuse to send food supplies to the starving Austrian capital. Only one-tenth of the foodstuffs requisitioned has been obtained and the government is too weak to enforce the seizure.

Within Austria, it appears, there are supplies enough to prevent famine, even if not to provide plenty, but food possessors will not let go.

The explanation that the Austrian farmers are callously selfish is scarcely adequate. They are, of course, looking after their own safety first, but there are, it may be assumed, other reasons for their hardness. Normally a producer of grain and cattle is willing, even anxious, to sell. Indeed, their business is one of raising to sell.

It must be they fear they will get nothing in return if they ship, that they doubt whether purchasers on credit have any serious purpose of ever paying.

In Vienna, as elsewhere where Bolshevik ideas prevail, the doctrine is preached that the man who produces an article has not a better claim to it than one who merely wants it. The Vienna populace, incited to action by imitators of Lenine, first grabbed by force from the rich, then from the bourgeoisie, and finally one group of the proletariat seized the supplies of other groups.

The consequences, of course, inevitably came. The despoiled either did not produce or hid or otherwise clung on to what they produced, and the fruits of forced seizures did not long suffice to fill empty stomachs. The marauders could not lay hands on enough to last long.

What is the root of the trouble of the disturbed regions of Europe and of the world in general? At bottom it is a breakdown in confidence. Distrust and hate have been manufactured among nations; distrust and hate have been stimulated among classes. Men no longer dare rely on their neighbors. The spirit of coöperation which feeds mankind has been chilled. The principle of the division of labor has been flouted. What has happened was bound to happen.

The way out of the morass is by retracing the steps by which it was entered. Confidence must be reëstablished. The Austrian farmer is probably not specially selfish. But it is nonsense to expect him to give up what he has to those who are committed to the doctrine that thievery, if only done in a certain way, is justifiable. "Thou shalt not steal" was written on the tablets of stone. Respect for it is as necessary to economics as to morality.

The business of hate-spreading has become an established industry. This country is not free of it. We permitted our President to go abroad, and a large part of our population supported him when it appeared that he thought the world would be benefited by a course which broke down the moral union of the Allies. Our public opinion tolerates those forever busy spreading the cult of hate.

The healing of the world never will come through listening to such counsels. Only by getting together can there be peace and production and other good things. Beware of the man or the party that distills the poison of distrust. Such are the chief enemies of the wearied world.

The Kaiser's Christmas Tree

No doubt the one-time Kaiser enjoyed his Christmas tree, even in exile at Amerongen. The Christmas tree is peculiarly a German institution, although it has been widely adopted outside of Germany. The earlier German immigrants brought it to this country. Indeed, they had much to do with many of our present Christmas customs. The festival plays a great part in German poetry and fairy tale. There is a sentimental halo about it which is half religious, half domestic. The nation that became the toy maker of the world would naturally cherish the saint who is the especial patron of children.

Probably few Germans to-day understand the tragic incongruity between their undeniable family virtues and the brutalities for which the world execrates them. Yet the very men who ravished and murdered in Belgium looked back longingly to "die Frau" and "die Kinder." They sent the loot, it will be remembered, to their wives and sweethearts. Wilhelm, at Amerongen, handing out the Christmas presents, obviously took the greatest delight in the celebration. Perhaps he dressed himself as Santa Claus for the occasion; he would see nothing inappropriate in the part. Amerongen is not Potsdam, to be sure; the occasion could not be quite so splendid as he would have wished; but still there can be a good old German Christmas even in Holland.

There may have been unbidden guests whom the gracious master of ceremonies did not see. The little children of the Lusitania may have been there; the Belgian babies, too; the souls of those who perished beyond the Marne, and the young girls driven from Lille into a life worse than death. Did never a thought of these unseen witnesses mar the feast? Why should it? Wilhelm would be quite at ease mouthing out sentiments appropriate to the birth of the Christ-child. He is a German and he loves children.

Truth Telling and the Unions

Members of labor organizations, even those of conservative temper, often complain of the ignorant stupidity of employers. They declare that they often find them narrowly selfish, pig-headed, obsessed with the ideas that they are not to be dictated to and that they can prevent masses of men uniting to further legitimate self-interests.

Men of the labor organizations have no monopoly of this criticism. When chambers of commerce forgather it is common to hear some one speak harshly of industrial boneheadism. Those unable to adjust themselves to new conditions are roundly berated, amid hearty and wholesome applause. The old-fashioned owner who holds that what is his he can do what he pleases with is emphatically informed that labor organizations are here to stay, and that it is unjust and impolitic to deny to another man rights claimed by yourself.

Is there similar frankness when members of labor unions assemble? If there is it is seldom reported. The notion seems to be fostered that the labor union can do no wrong—that its policies and acts are inherently wise and right. Individually the labor unionist has too lively a sense of humor to entertain such a belief, but collectively the labor union avoids frank self-examination.

It is time to disregard this taboo and to judge the labor union as a mixture, as all other known institutions are mixtures—sometimes acting intelligently and sometimes not.

It is particularly needed that this examination shall be self-examination. Criticisms from the outside are likely to be discounted, as born of a hostile spirit. What labor organizations greatly need, both in leadership and in rank and file, are men who don't believe in cajoling and flattering and who speak openly their sincere convictions.

What, for example, excites the most opposition to labor unions? It is not the mere fact of organization. Nor aversion to collective bargaining. Nor even dislike of higher wages or shorter hours. Most employers are willing to concede those things, even though they do not always enjoy them. The principal bases for hostility are the rules that restrict production, and thus make difficult a meeting of labor demands.

If the labor unions did not invade the field of management and champion inefficiency, resistance to them would largely disappear. "Turn me loose and give me a chance to work for you while I work for myself," says the harassed manager, as he sees deliberate slacking on the job in order to multiply the number of jobs.

It is obviously impossible to add much to real wages except by increasing production. The absorption of all the profits and interest of capital would not put much in the average pay envelope. Of all populations the men with labor to sell are most interested in adding to the supply of goods. The work slacker, the practicer of sabotage, the multiplier of jobs and promoter of other industrial wastes is the greatest enemy of the worker.

But how often is this doctrine preached in the union headquarters? How many labor speakers proclaim it? Do they not whisper that, although they personally know artificial job-making means lower wages, the men will not endure having the truth told out loud to them—that a leader would "lose his influence" if he dared utter his convictions?

Every machine needs to be kept running, every ship and every car kept moving, and with the smallest possible expenditure of precious human labor as measured in time. It is the only way to restore normal conditions. No one ascribes malevolence or depravity to wage earners. They have no desire to commit suicide, but if they did they would prefer a process quicker than starvation. Yet credence is given to false leaders, and leaders of a better sort become overawed and tongue-tied when they should be bold and courageous and truth speaking.

"Gold Brick" Securities

A deplorable source of waste is the sale of worthless or nearly worthless securities. These securities are ordinarily disposed of through false representations. Many innocent purchasers are defrauded and thus acquire an aversion for what they consider "Wall Street" methods.

Swindlers grow fat at this business at the expense of the unwary, who are prone to put credence in the promises of glowing printed prospectuses. In many states so-called "blue sky" laws have been passed to stop the vending of imitation securities. The Postoffice Department has also intervened energetically to check promotion frauds by issuing search orders and forbidding offending firms and corporations the use of the mails.

Governor Smith recently appointed a commission to take up the question of restrictive legislation in this state. The majority of the committee has made a report which deprecates the enactment of anything like a "blue sky" law. The majority disapproved of state licensing of vendors and of imposition on them of civil and criminal responsibility for the misrepresentations in the promotion literature which they issue. It recommended a strengthening of the penal laws against fraudulent promotion and a rigid inspection of securities sales by the State Banking Department and the Attorney General. The majority summed up its program in this sentence: "What is needed is a flexible, virile fraud hunting state machinery, driven not by statute, but by human intelligence and human activity."

The primary need is, of course, spirited intervention by the state authorities. But it is hardly going too far to ask for a little more protection in the form of legislation. A minority of the committee—four members out of twelve—recommended the licensing of sellers and an insistence on civil and criminal liability for false statements.

Reputable houses have the habit of appending to bond prospectuses the warning that they do not vouch for the statements contained therein, although these come from presumably authoritative sources. Goods bought in shops are generally returnable because of discovered defects or because they do not live up to the seller's representations. This is probably an impracticable standard to set up for security transactions, many of which involve the element of speculation. But why shouldn't the principle of responsibility for representations prevail in the latter field as well as the former?

Honest vendors have an interest in protecting their own business by helping to protect the public. Undoubtedly the most practicable means of freezing out the dishonest operator would be a combination of the bankers' organizations, the stock exchanges and the advertising associations—all coöperating with the Postoffice Department to stamp out frauds. The fight can be made more effectively from within than from the outside. A determined voluntary boycott of sharps and sharks might be better than a "blue sky" law. Yet why not put the additional force behind such a crusade of legal liability for the misstatements made by the emitters of questionable investment literature?

It seems to have been demonstrated that only "old soaks" can safely indulge in "Prohibition whisky."

Evangelines

(From The Philadelphia Record)

According to Attorney Weinberger, counsel for our late deported "Red" brethren, the compulsory sailing of the "Red" ark was just three times as great a crime as that perpetrated upon the peasants of Acadia 150 years ago. "If the story of 'Evangeline' ever moved you," said he, sobbing out his last appeal—the inference, choked by tears, of course, being that we should be at least three times as greatly moved by this outrage. There were three "Evangelines" among the 249 passengers, and poor, dear, innocent Emma Evangeline Goldman was the greatest of these. Contemptible of us to treat delicate girls in this fashion! The idea of tearing them from this alien land, whose government is odious to them, and sending them, surrounded by all the discomforts that beset first class passengers, back to the old home in Russia. Pity these

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S LITTLE HOLIDAY OUTING

(Copyright, 1919, New York Tribune Inc.)

Why the League Has Failed

From a Letter by Frank H. Simonds to "The London Times"

Such comment as reaches this side of the ocean would seem to indicate that the real causes underlying the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles in the United States Senate have not been accurately reported either in Great Britain or France.

Whatever partisan influences have contributed to this defeat, it is no less attributable primarily to the fact that it was negotiated with the President, and not with the people, of the United States, and has failed to enlist the support or the approval of the people.

To understand the situation one must go back a year and recall the fact that at the November election in 1918 Mr. Wilson appealed to the people to elect a Democratic House of Representatives as an evidence of support for his past policies and of confidence in his future purposes. These future purposes were accurately understood to include a trip to Europe on behalf of the league of nations.

A Decisive Defeat of Mr. Wilson

The result of that election was a decisive defeat for the President. Under similar circumstances in Great Britain or France the responsible ministry would have resigned, since the control of the House of Representatives as well as of the Senate passed to the opposition.

Instead of resigning Mr. Wilson persevered in his determination to go to Europe. The country had no constitutional remedy, because the American Constitution had been drafted at a time when sailing vessels were the only means of communication with Europe, and no one conceived of the possibility either of swift voyages or of cable communications. The assumption implicit in the Constitution was that the President would stay in the United States.

Since there was no constitutional prohibition, Mr. Wilson went to Europe, but he went against the will of a majority of the American people, who clearly indicated by their votes and by their feelings an apprehension as to the purposes of Mr. Wilson; nor was this apprehension lessened when at the outset of his European visit Mr. Wilson was welcomed on all sides with unprecedented enthusiasm as the duly authorized representative of his country.

"Blank Check" Denied

When Mr. Wilson began to speak in the name of the American people, declaring that they desired a certain form of peace, there was a renewal of American resentment, since Mr. Wilson had never submitted to the American people any draft of his program, and the American people had rejected a "blank check" indorsement such as he had sought at the November election. The more Mr. Wilson assumed to speak for America the more resentful the majority of the American people became. Mr. Wilson had counted on a shining success at Paris which would be sufficiently impressive to enlist American support when he came home, but in point of fact it is exceedingly doubtful if any success in Europe, however great, would have overcome American resentment.

As the conference in Paris progressed, and it became clear that Great Britain was supporting Mr. Wilson almost without reservation, popular suspicion began to concentrate upon British purposes. The majority of the American people did not believe in Mr. Wilson's policies, and they did not believe that any considerable number of Englishmen believed in them. They saw in the British championship of Mr. Wilson a deliberate effort to make use of Mr. Wilson's alleged idealism to involve the United States in world affairs, to the ultimate profit of Great Britain and the immediate peril of the United States.

In this situation the more enthusiastic British praises for the President and for the league of nations became the more general was the American suspicion and opposition.

Had the President of the United States submitted to the American people his program and his purposes before he went to Europe it is conceivable that popular support would have been gained, and popular support thus gained would have prevented partisan opposition later; but Mr. Wilson neither before, during nor after the peace conference adequately explained to the American people what his purposes were, and on their part the American people felt both distrust and resentment wholly outside of any partisan consideration.

American Suspicions

The situation, therefore, comes down now to this: Far from advancing the cause of the league of nations or the interests of Anglo-American association, British praise of the President and of the league of nations to-day serves to confirm American suspicions, which, however unjust, are none the less widespread. In addition, such indorsements seem in many quarters little short of British interference in American politics on behalf of one party against another, with the obvious purpose to persuade the people of the United States to adopt an agreement made without their consent or without consulting them, and involving very great risks without any profit, material or moral.

What, then, is the solution? It does not seem to me there is any immediate solution. After having been amended by the addition of many reservations, the treaty may conceivably be ratified. This ratification, however, will merely mean a formal assent to a restoration of peace with Germany and to the material conditions imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. The absolute rejection of the idea of coöperation in world administration will stand, and the chances of future growth for the league of nations scheme seem to me, as far as America is concerned, very dark.

The main trouble always lies in the American conviction that President Wilson tried to deliver the United States, to commit it to a one-sided scheme, against the interests of the country in defiance of the will of the country, and that he did this mainly because he was made the victim of his own theories and vanities by our European associates in the World War.

In my judgment, the very best basis for future Anglo-American association will have to be natural coöperation, growing out of mutual interests, but in no sense subject to any constraint or written partnership. In any event, as things now stand, the league of nations covenant is dead so far as the United States is concerned, whatever the formal action by the Senate. And the more British statesmen, public men and foreign friends of the United States try to revive it by praise and by indorsement the more general will be American resentment.

Backing the Wrong Horse

I do not in the least despair of better relations between Great Britain and the United States as a result of recent association in war, provided these relations are allowed to develop normally and not translated into that form of unilateral contract which the majority of the American people conceive the league of nations to be; but I do warn my English friends against persistence in a policy which, to use an old phrase not wholly unfamiliar, amounts to "backing the wrong horse."

The way to America's heart is not through Mr. Wilson's policies. A great deal of the opposition to the President is purely partisan; some of it comes from Irish and German sympathizers, but these categories by no means exhaust American opponents to the treaty. The fatal opposition has come from that mass of American people who feel that they have had their name signed to something without their permission, have had their name used without their consent, and feel a genuine apprehension over such an extension of executive power, with all the concomitant possibilities for the future.

Peace Terms Approved

The reservations which the Senate has proposed are more or less technical; some of them are obviously absurd, but the reservation which a majority of the American people have adopted is the one that counts. That reservation specifically declares against any American responsibility in European or Asiatic affairs growing out of the peace settlement, and provided for in advance by the Treaty of Versailles. America does not disapprove of the peace terms. There is less criticism in America than in Europe so far as the sentence pronounced against Germany is concerned. The decision to reject the treaty was not influenced by the Sarre Valley detail or the Danzig circumstances. No change that could be made in the conditions so far as Germany is concerned would make the treaty more acceptable in America.

In sum, the treaty has failed, or rather the league of nations has been rejected, on American issues, and because it was negotiated without reference to American opinion or knowledge. The situation will not be changed hereafter by any formal ratification accompanied by reservations. It is against the spirit rather than the form or the language that American opposition is directed.

It is possible to exaggerate the intensity of the opposition. Roughly speaking, there are three shades of opinion. A great many more oppose than advocate the adoption of the league of nations portion of the treaty. There is a third fraction, much larger than the other two combined, which is not in the least interested. The league of nations has failed as a popular appeal; therefore, the action of the Senate is totally unlikely to be reversed by any popular protest.

Ashamed of New York

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It certainly is a pleasure to see that The Tribune has been good enough to give Sergeant Flynn's article the publicity it has received, and I trust you will let me "air my views" on this matter also.

This shows how long our patriotism which Mayor Hylan and other officials have bragged of to the many visitors to our country has lasted. Americans need not ask any of our boys how the French people treated us—let me say that no wounded man ever stood up for a fraction of a minute in any of the Paris transit lines—for time after time I have seen women, yes, women in their fifties and sixties, rise and give a seat to both French and American wounded.

Shame upon those who have not the common decency to give a crippled man or woman or aged person a seat! And some of these people call themselves Americans and some of them Christians. They are not one bit better than the Huns. Yes, I say this, and I am one who was born and brought up in New York City. I am ashamed of New Yorkers, ashamed to call myself one, especially after having seen the conditions which have arisen in the last ten years.

AN AMERICAN CHRISTIAN.

New York, Dec. 24, 1919.

A Menacing Nuisance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The pulpit orator who knows little and cares less about economic conditions, who probably never thought of investigating and ascertaining wage scales, cost of production, etc., who merely "orates" on the assumption that the under dog, the workingman, is absolutely just in his mandates, while the employer, "the plutocrat and exploiter," must be wrong because he, too, dares to assert his inalienable right to state his case from his own angle—an orator of this caliber, I say, is a social disturber, a nuisance and a menace. I am not opposed to ministers, as such, dealing with industrial problems from their pulpits. Not at all. On the contrary, preachers, striving to conciliate the wrangling elements—pouring their oil upon the turbulent waters of discontent, rather than using it for the purpose of feeding the flames of hatred and malice—such men are indeed rendering a great service to society.

It is the sensationalist, the man who would feign have you believe that he is ahead of his time, that he is the true apostle of social and industrial democracy, who blows his trumpet and, like Jeremiah of old, bids his auditors to repent "lest a calamity overtake them"—it is a man of this type that deserves the contempt of the community. Well may the law-abiding workingman wish to be saved from such friends.

In conclusion, permit me to add that, figuratively speaking, the writer of these lines is a long, long way from Wall Street, and, being a workingman himself, he is not in the least contaminated by its "predatory" wealth.

S. S. SKIDELSKY.

New York, Dec. 24, 1919.

Mr. Kauffman Corrects a Statement

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will you permit me space to correct a statement made some time since in an article in The Tribune, which was called to my attention only a week ago? This article recorded, imperfectly it seems, a talk with Mr. Harry P. Burt, of the firm of A. L. Burt & Co., the publishers of reprints, and said:

"Mr. Burt was keen to point out that his list (of reprints) contained no work of Elinor Glyn's, or Reginald Wright Kauffman's, or Upton Sinclair's. These books were of doubtful purity, and the great majority of popular book buyers, he believed, are aggressive in the matter of purity. Large as the sale of these books has been he feels it would be poor business policy for his house to be identified with any but 'wholesome' reading."

Mr. Burt has written me, telling me of this interview as it was procured by the reporter from The Tribune. He says:

"She [the reporter] first brought up the title of 'Three Weeks' and then immediately followed with 'The House of Bondage.' I simply replied that we didn't have either one of these titles, and feared that the publishing of these might lay us open to criticism on the part of some of our dealers and readers. There was no such remark as was attributed—that the list contained none of your books for the reason given.

"No others of your books were mentioned. There is not the slightest reason or feeling that none of your titles should be on our list. This unfortunate situation shows how easy it is to misquote and lead to misunderstanding."

Permit me to add that nearly all my books—including the ones that your reporter seems to have had in mind—have been published in reprints, and that of my twenty-two books only six can be justly said to touch upon what is commonly called "the sex question."

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Columbia, Pa., Dec. 20, 1919.

A Week of Verse

In Provence: The Young Dead

(From the Yale Review)

AH, HOW I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become, that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea salt and the sun,

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young dead.—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see these perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead!

EDITH WHARTON.

Changed

(From Contemporary Verse)

IN DISTANT fields they lie,
Young lads whom you and I
Have teased and played with sunny afternoons,
Have kissed or flouted under gentle moons,—
In distant fields they lie,
Beneath the blood-bought soil of Picardy,
Their names forever set
Among the great whom Time may not forget—
In distant fields they lie
So clothed upon with majesty,
So far—so far—
We can but view their shining as a star
That thrones its deathless fire
Above the puny reach of our desire—
Of love—or grief.
It seems beyond belief
That we have ever known
These lads to hero-stature grown;
That these have ever been to us the gay
Light-hearted comrades of a summer day.

IDA JUDITH JOHNSON.

A Song

(From The English Review)

PILLOW your head upon my shoulder, so—
Look in my face, to yours I'm bending low;
And love, love sweetest, for Love's moments go.

Lean back your head until our lips shall meet
In one long kiss, that shall the moments fleet
Stay in the hurry of their swift retreat.

Let your head rest so that your scented hair
Strays on my cheek, and straying, trembles there;
Like some bright web a-quiver in the air.

Lean back your head so that mine eyes shall gaze
Deep into yours; and love, for Love's own ways
Alone are sweet in all our length of days.

Clasp your soft arms, and a walled kingdom make
For us to dwell; and of thy mercy's sake
Love me, ah! love, lest Time us overtake.

Look, love, our breath in the still evening air
Rises as one, and rising, mingles there.
A sighing breath ascending as a prayer.

A sighing breath, contentment scarce content:
Ah, heart of mine! when Love's short hour is spent
What shall our life have for its ornament?

A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

Beauty

(From The London Westminster Gazette)

SO MANY people have made palaces for thee;
Made thy house of marble or a summer sea;
Made thy home in high cliffs that strange birds kept,
Or in the laughter of a child who never wept.
Some men find thee only in that narrow place
Under the grass, with those who looked and loved Death's face.
Who think there only art thou found alway,
That all else goes sleep-wise, passing like day.
But I have a more beautiful place to see,
That is mine only, there do I house thee,
That shall be as long as there are eyes to gaze—
The face of my first love, all bright with love's amaze.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.